



Summer Trip



hallucination

cane-toad

45 0 1

Chapter 1 by ArchAngel

We'd had a few Tooheys at the Watering Hole and I'd gone outside for a smoke. It was one of those clear nights in Queensland when the stars seem extra bright, and I was too busy looking up at them to notice the two bogans who crept up on me. Next thing I knew, one had tackled me against the back wall, while the other squashed something wet and rubbery into my face. I struggled, yelling, and something cold and slimy was shoved in my mouth. Then they were gone, running through the trees, their braying laughs sounding like hyenas.

I gripped my knees, bent over and spat. It was like swamp water... bad swamp water that someone's used for a dunny. Looking down, that's when I saw the ugliest toad I've ever seen in my life looking back up at me.

He seemed to nod and give me a wise contemplative look, and I swear he was smoking my cigarette, but no way did I want it back now.

I went back in the Watering Hole, and that's when things started to get a little weird...

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